

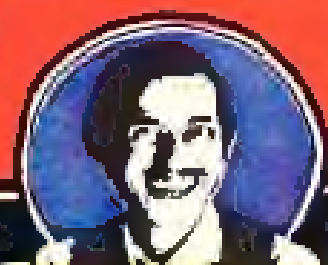
ARTISTIC

\$1
A REAL
COLLECTOR'S
ITEM!

64
PAGES



COMICS



R. CRUMB
THE SENSITIVE ARTIST
(LOVE AND MURDER)

A
MEMBER OF
THE UNITED CARTOON
MURDERERS OF
AMERICA



A SPECIAL ISSUE MADE UP ENTIRELY OF EXERPTS
FROM THE SECRET SKETCHBOOKS OF R. CRUMB!

ABOUT THE ARTIST

R. CRUMB, the man, is an enigma wrapped in a mystery, packaged in a puzzle, and all of it enveloped in contradictions.

R. Crumb, the intellect, is a rare specimen of Neo-American thinking. In him, the metaphysical flowering of a renaissance scholar has been grafted on the rough branch of midwestern plainsmanship.

R. Crumb, the artist, is important.

More than any other ranking artist now alive, this slim and deceptively pliant young man is a cultural bridge. With not the slightest intention of propounding a theory or founding a school, he has become the link between so-called "representational" art and the outer rangings of creative cerebration.

The growth of his genius, the varied approaches he has essayed toward the ultimate truth, are to be found in this volume—what we have here is a young man, most certainly still to reach peak creative performance, whose focus is perceptible both to traditionalists and the seekers. His drawings possess a unique mystic quality, a sensitive feeling of youthful exuberance and wonderment.

Some of his major works have drawn (and earned) comparisons with Thomas Eakins, Grant Wood, both Wyeths, and others with solid, and may we add solidified, American tradition behind them, but also with Brueghel, Bosch, Daumier, Goya, Da Vinci, Dali, even the Elgin Marbles. I think his streams of inspiration well in part from the intense, passionate lines of George Grosz, and Toulouse Lautrec, and reaching further back, to Byzantine Mosaics and Egyptian Bas reliefs.

No other artist worked in such a range. This startling splurge of evocations goes beyond just hinting at his universality. Each of these other artists, or objects, was, in its way, a trail blazer. What R. Crumb's lonely pathway aspires to reach is no simple thing for him or anyone else to explain.

In the barest possible terms, he has awareness of a meshing of unseen cogs, and the pulsing of unimaginable forces. These, he is convinced, are manifestations of a grand design for the Universe. He does not think that mankind is a helpless dust mote in this orderly chaos, unable to alter itself and doomed to be swept out some day. R. Crumb cleaves to the conviction that man has (or has been given) the power to steer his course. And Art is a sweep oar, for bad or good. To put it another way, he thinks that Art is a clue to the solution, and can lead man to the kind of world that lives now only in dreams—and in that selfsame Art. So in a way, R. Crumb thinks of himself as drawing roadsigns.

All of this would be pretty heady stuff for the cocky kid from Philly whose first professional achievement was visual aids for the Latex Corporation. But not for the dedicated anti-sophisticate who ponders Tolstoy and Teilhard de Chardin between concentrated drawing sessions (but avoids continental philosophers at his European showings), argues persuasively over a checkered tablecloth in San Francisco's North Beach (but disintegrates at thought of making a public speech), draws like a wizard (but can't drive a car).

A key to one of the locked doors between us and R. Crumb (a good cryptographer would come in handy here) is his insistence upon universality in Art. When he says Art is a route to everybody's bliss, he means all kinds of Art. Intensely personal, completely introverted, in fact, these drawings are nevertheless representational of Art as a whole. Nobody has yet decided to compose a novel, or libretto an opera that is themed by one of R. Crumb's sketches, but I have no doubt that they will come. La Gioconda waited quite awhile for her apotheosis. Quo Vadis?

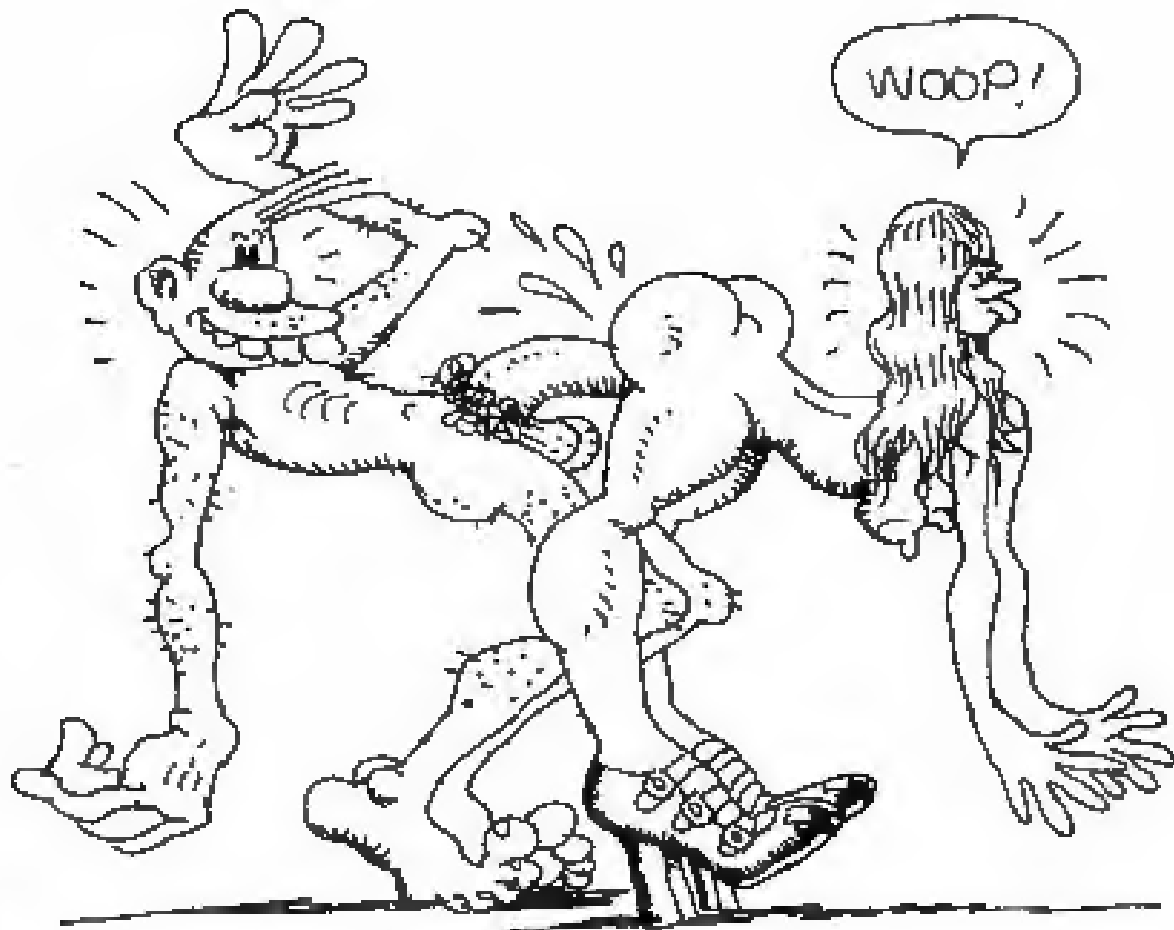
—Elton Fiscus-Powell

"YOU READ IT-I CANT" COMIX
presents

The DISMAL WORLD of R. CRUMB

SGT MARK E. RAINEY
H&S CO., H&S BN, 1ST FSS
CAMP PENDLETON, CA 920

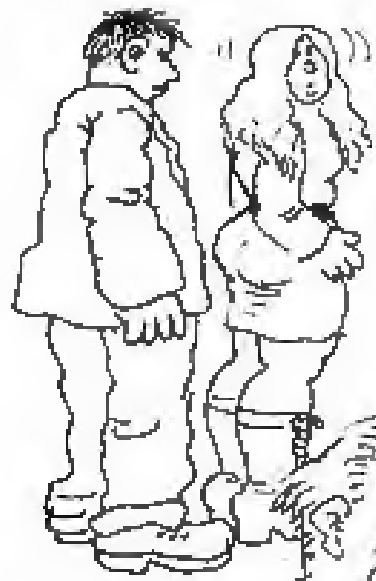
"IT'S DEPRESSING!" — MORRIS CASH
"HORRIBLE!" — RALPH ELIASON
"DREAMY AND TENDR?" — ROBERT JONES



Once you go
Black
You never come
Back.

WHY DON'T
YOU LIKE
ME?

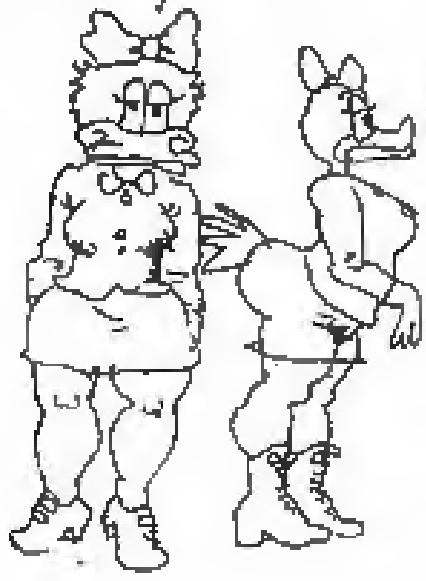
WIMPY THING
DID YOU
SAY?



Willie the
Wop

WOP
TA
FOCK!!

Hank E. Panky

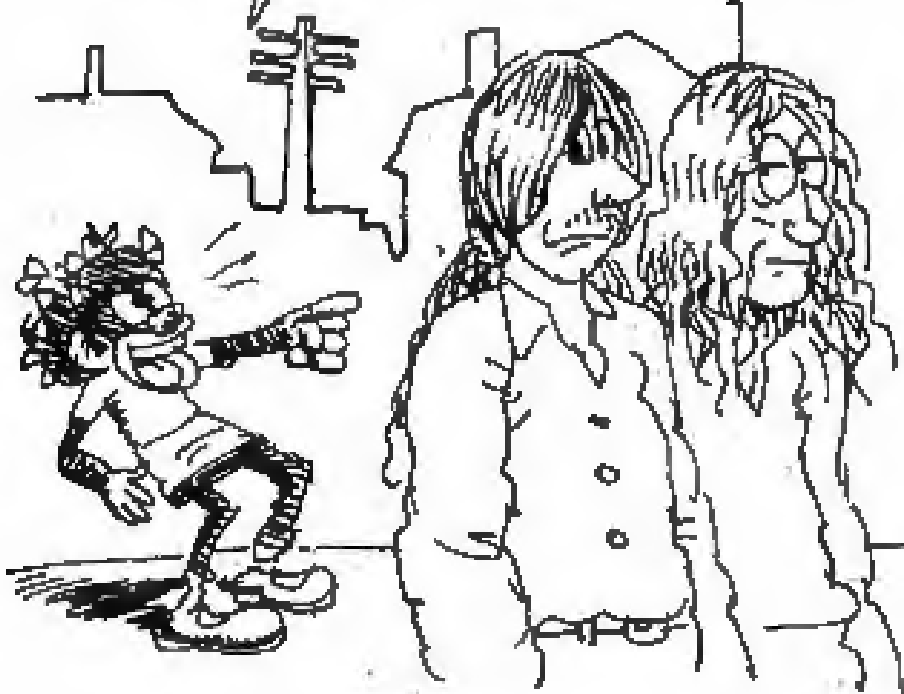


Chuck
the
Duck
sez:

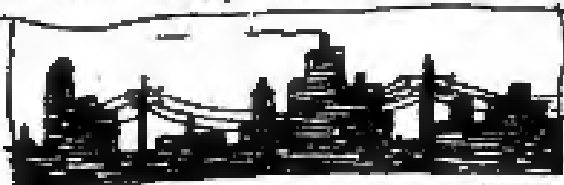
"Life is
mostly
hard
work!"



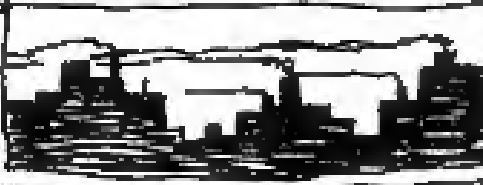
HEY, YOU GUYS
GOT WHITEY
NATURALS?



MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK



MEANWHILE, BACK IN CHICAGO



MEANWHILE, BACK IN DENVER



AND IN CLEVELAND...

MILES AWAY IN DETROIT...

AND IN L.A. AT THE SHAW WOODS







SEX OBJECT No. 134360

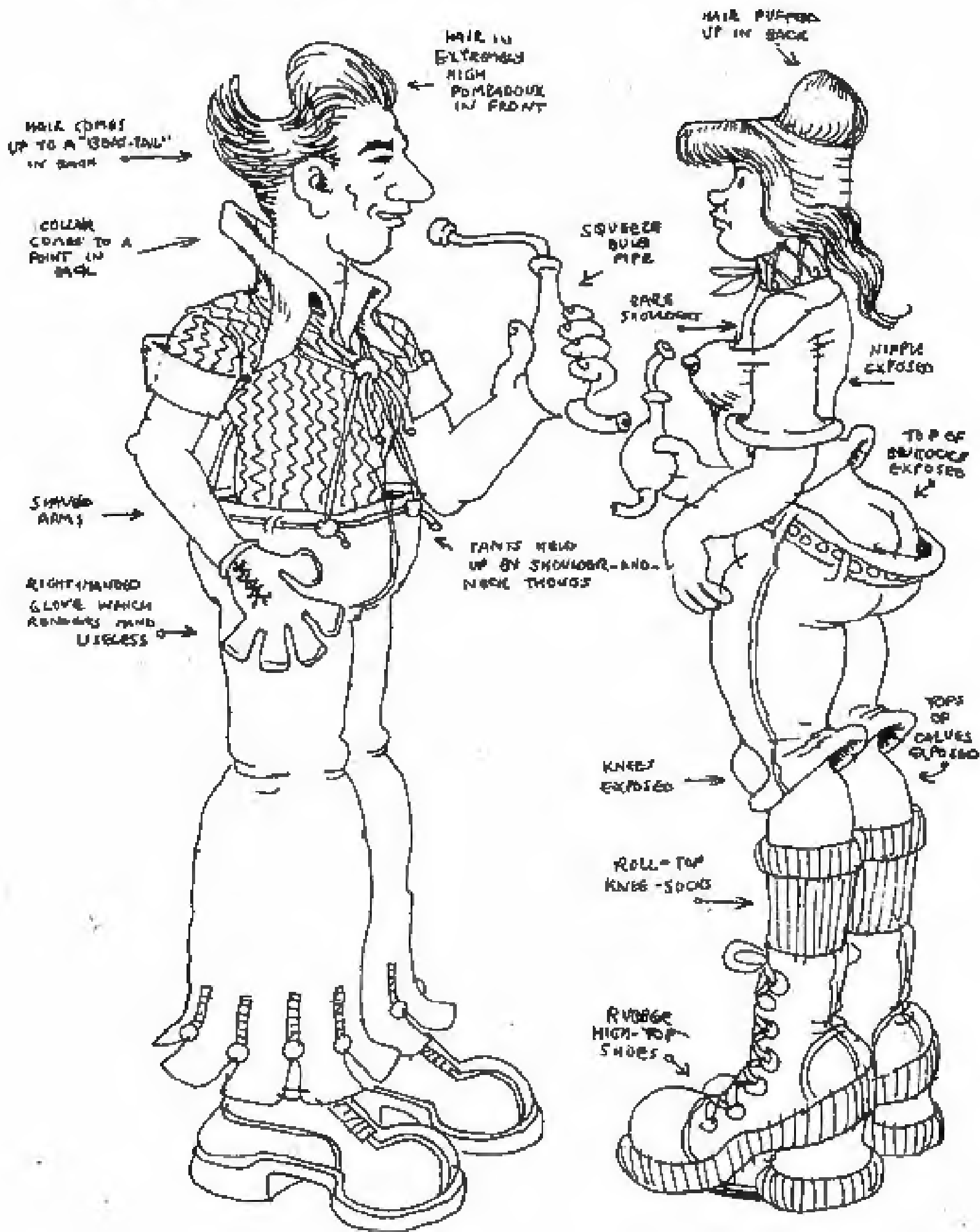
She was just seventeen, You know what I mean...

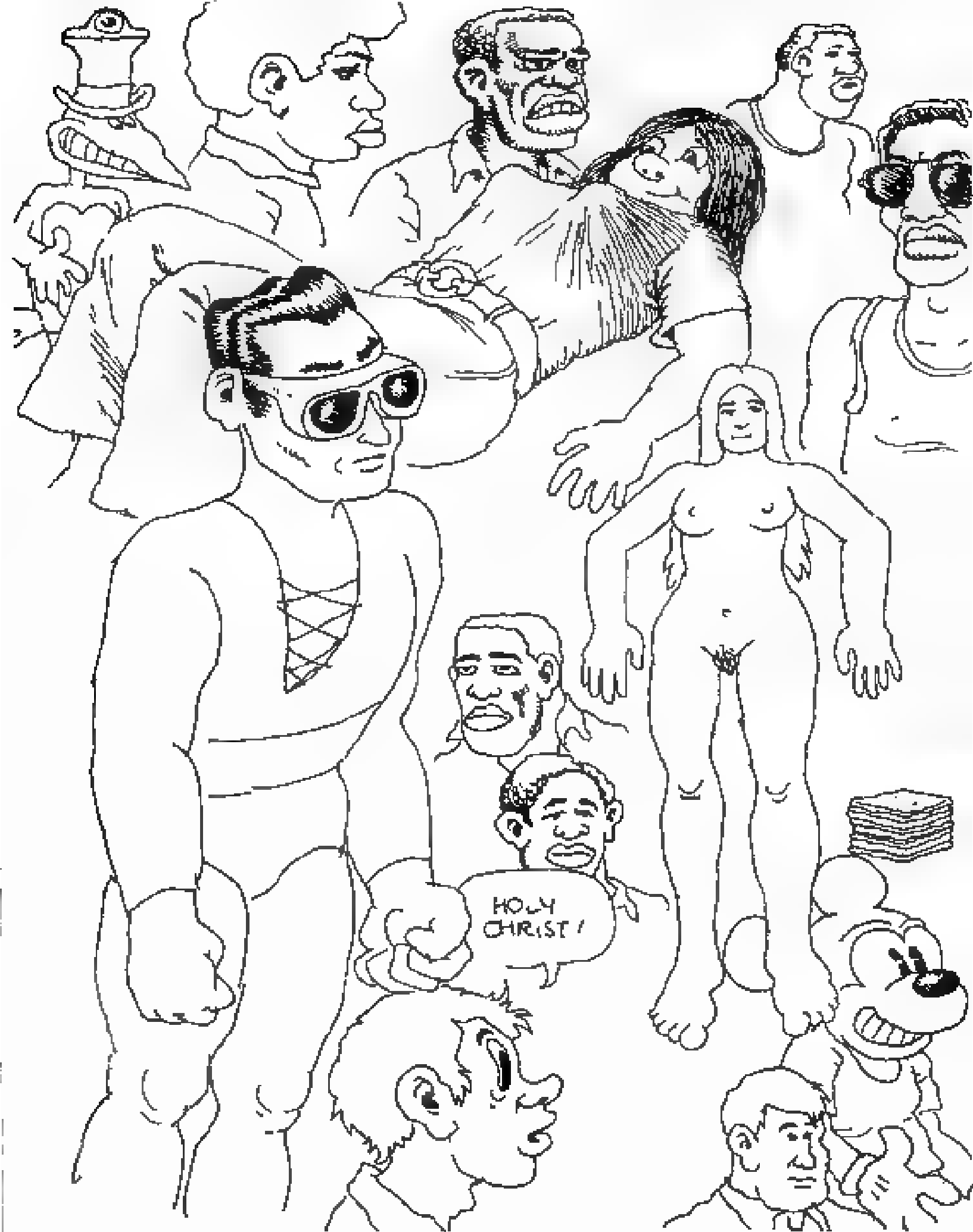
A "Tremendous" Ass

Enjoy the **SEX**



CASUAL
FASHIONS OF 1990

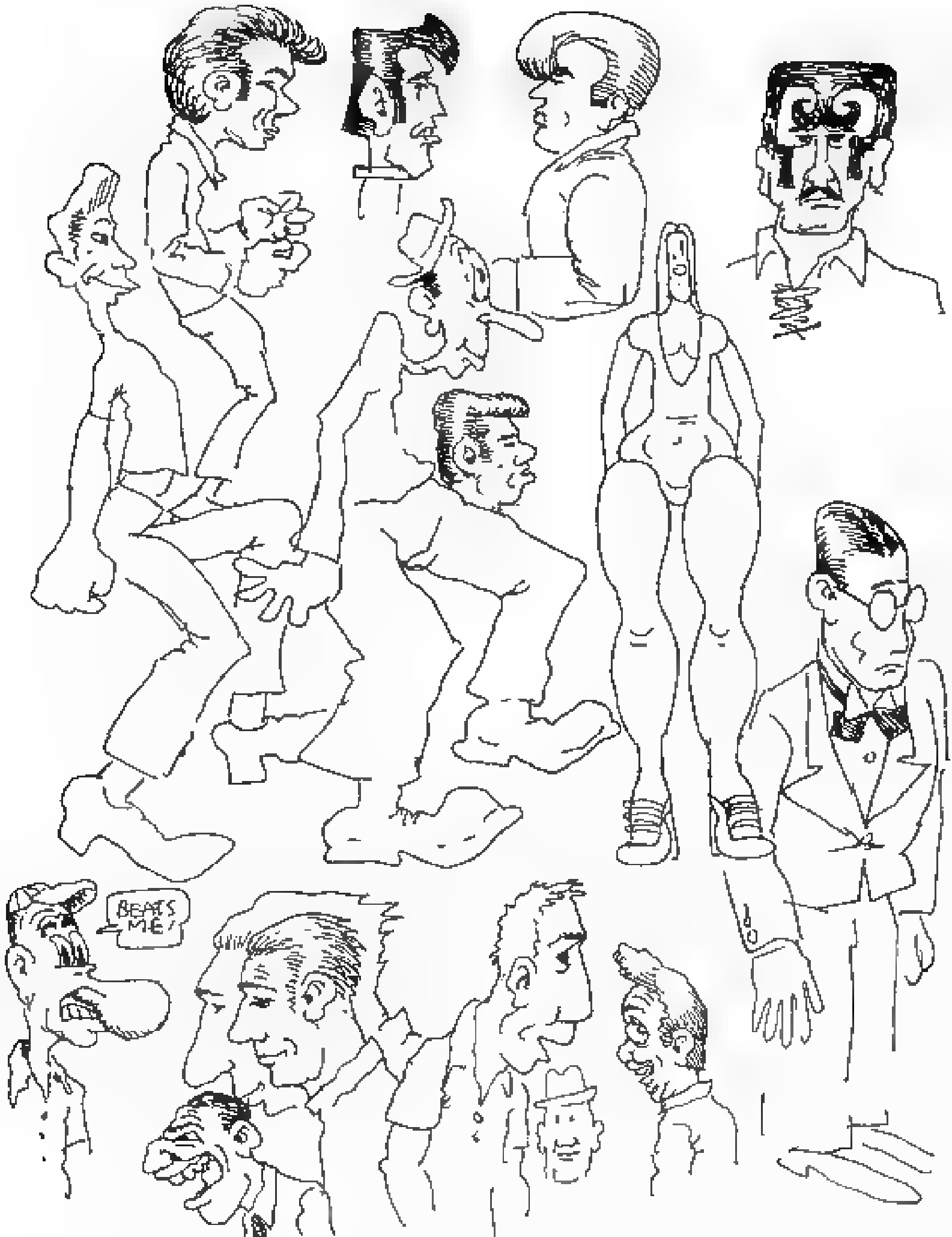






ROMEO





GODDAMN
LADIES
SAYIN' A BITTLE
SHIT ASS
FUCKIN' STINKIN'!

YOU'VE
GOT ME
CRYIN'
AGAIN

IT'S
HOUSEWIFE

THE
TUMBLING
BOXES
THEORY

WHAT I DO
FOR OTHERS
I CAN DO FOR
YOU!

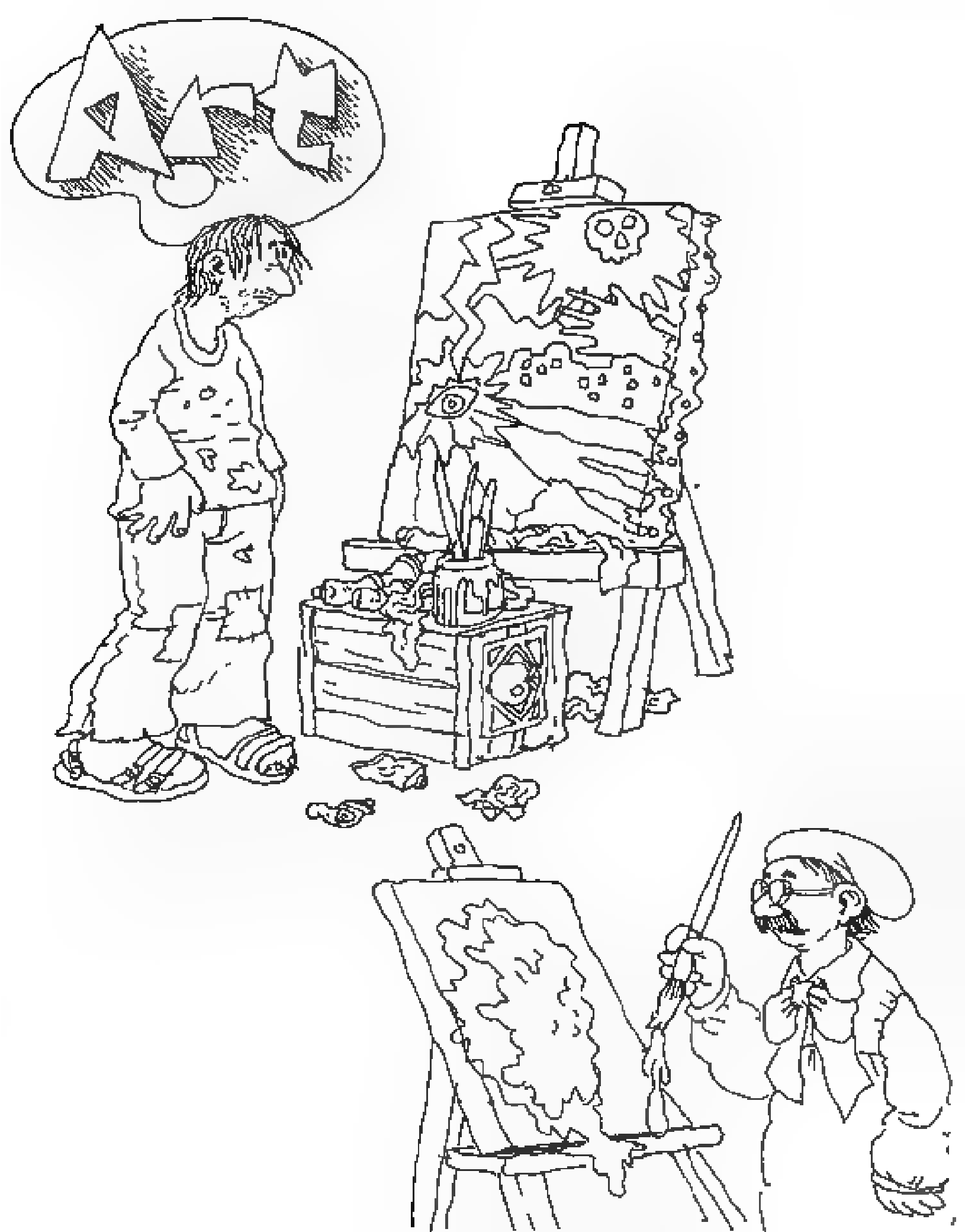
Learn the
Secret of
THIS HORRIBLE NEW
THEORY OF THE WORLD
IN MOTION !!

AND NOW A LOOK
AT THE WORLD
SITUATION

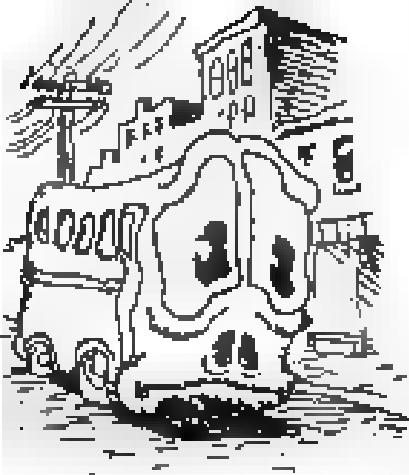
AND IN THE NEWS TODAY

PILE OF
DEAD BODIES
FOUND IN
PHILADELPHIA
SUSPECT OF
CHESTER, PA.

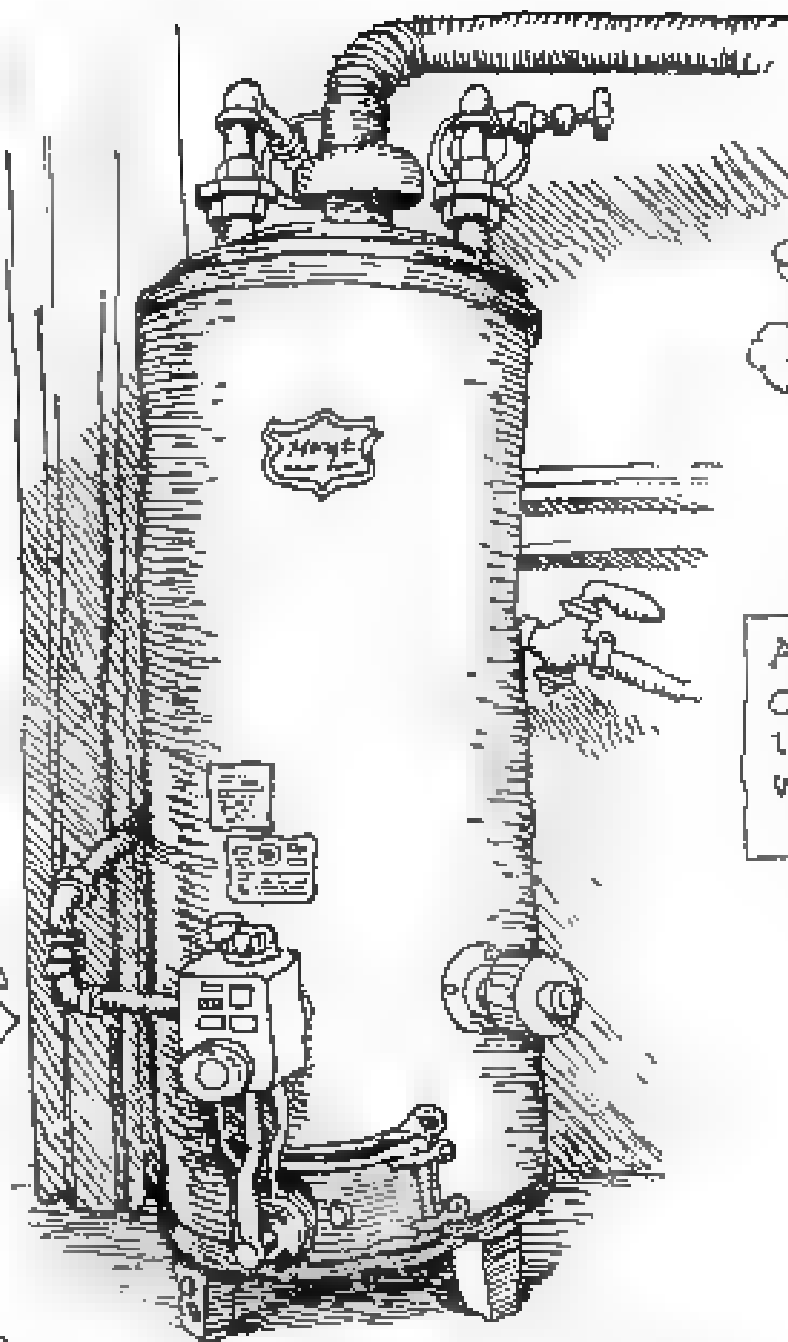
FEAR
ON TV







HOT
WATER
HEATER



RATS!

As my father
once said, "Life
is mostly hard
work."

~ R. CRUMB
1970

Okah
Okah
ELECTRIC





"DEEKS"
DOG

WHAT'S
SHAKIN' IN
PARD?

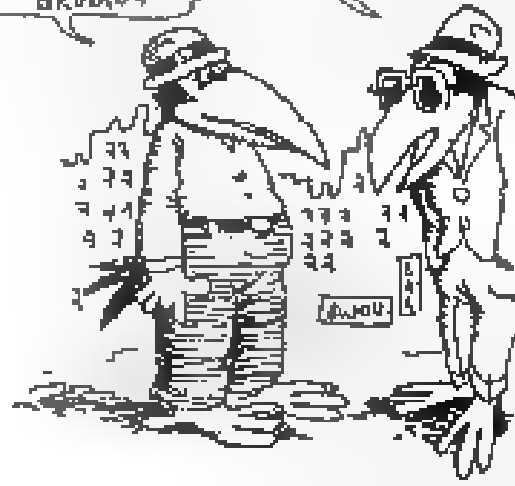
and his pal
"PASTY" aka
PLP!

"DEEK"
YET A
CARD
OL
BUDDY

Moran & Mack Two Black Crows

US CROWS
GOTS 71 PERFECT
OURSELVES FROM
EXPERIENCE A
BRIDGES

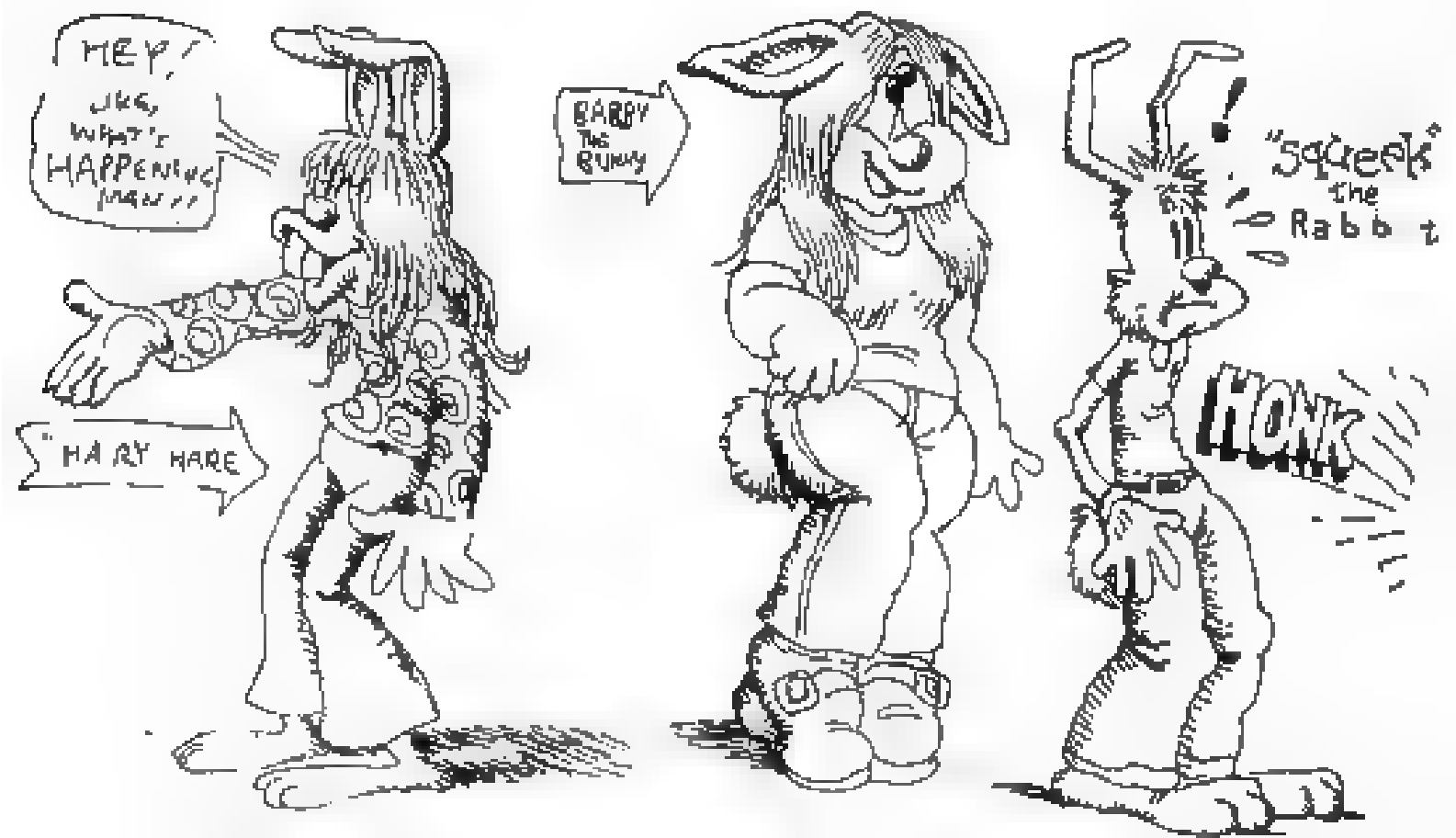
YEAH RAIN ALL
SAY 5 DEM MURDER
BEHIN



Artistic Lady









Mary had
a little lamb...



Mr Snoid @

ON TOP

O-HO
GO-HOD!

YIP YIP
HP



HIS FLEECE WAS
WHITE AS SNOW...

OH WOW
BEAUTIFUL



'EY MAN
BE COOL, P

DONT
EMBARRASS
ME!!



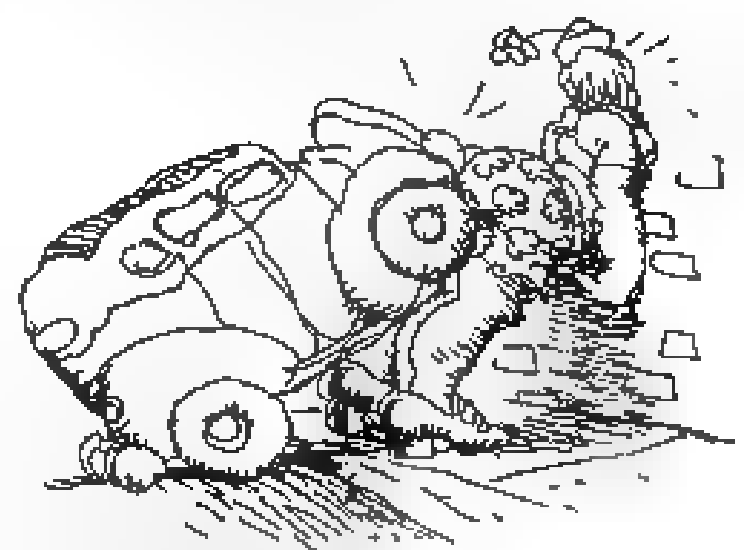
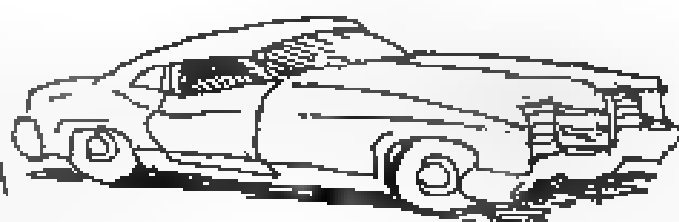


HARDLY
ANYBODY
HAS ANY
SOUL
THESE
DAYS!

HEY
HONEYBUNCH!
WHAT'S COOKIN'
FOR DINNER
TONIGHT?

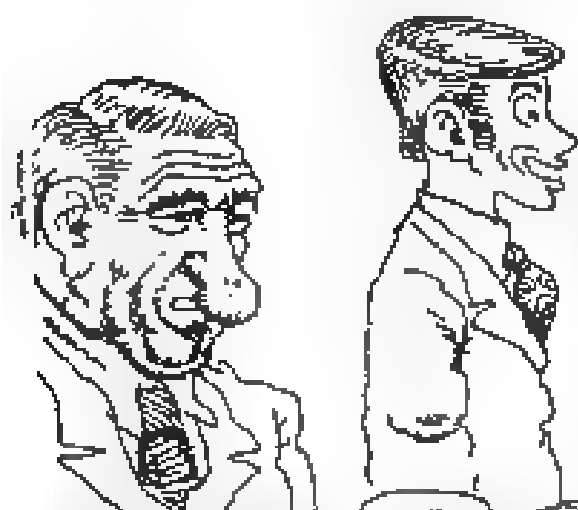
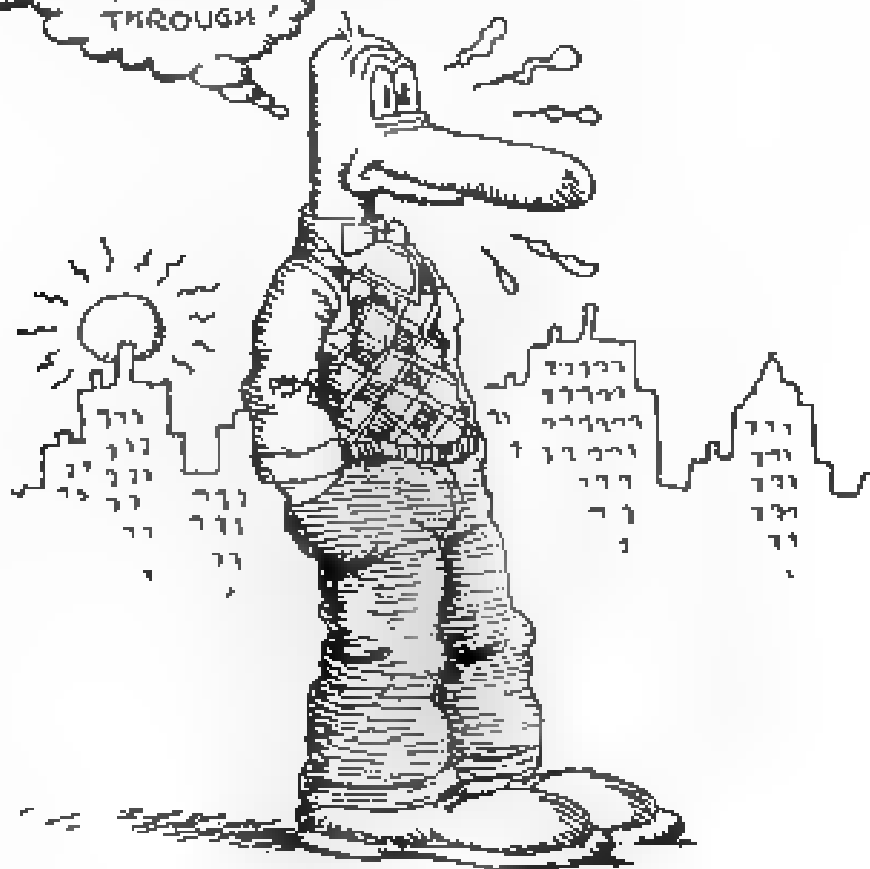
CANT PICTURE
PETER EBERG DOING
'OH WELL' IN 'MEAN',
'OH WELL' I CANT...
PUT IT ON IF
YOU WANT.

RILLY
LIKE THE
STONES...



GLEE

I HOPE THY
DEAL COMES
THROUGH!



YOUR TYPICAL
EFFETE HIPPIES



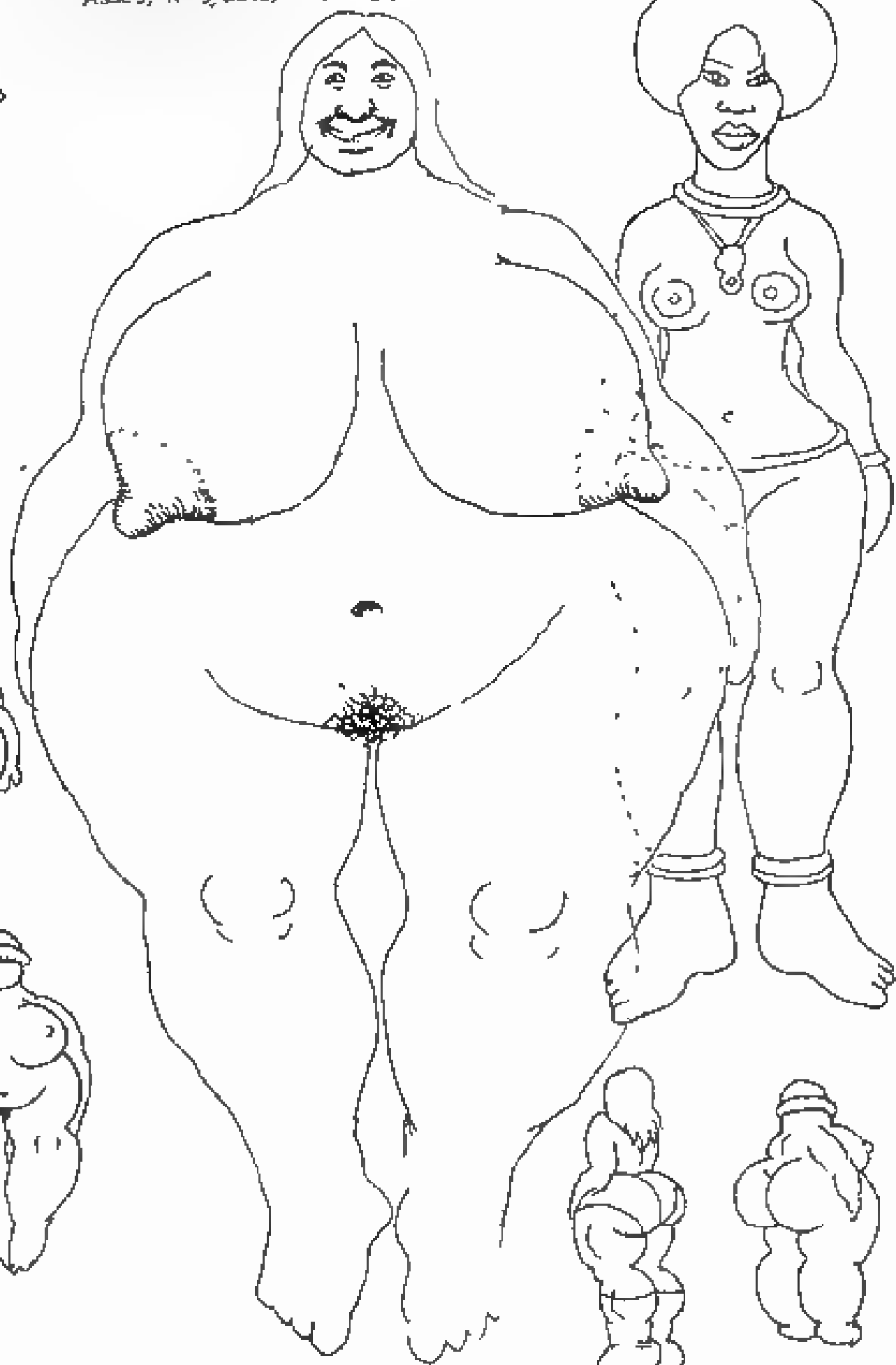
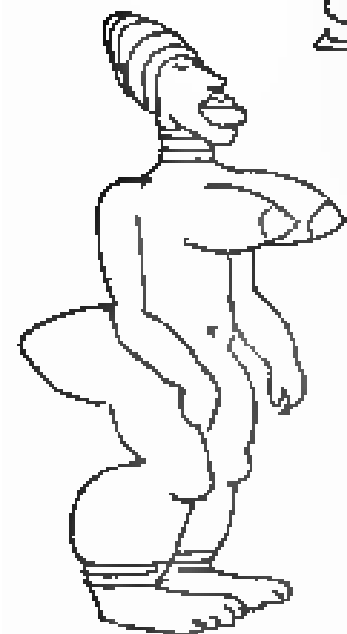
PEOPLE REALLY
GET TOUCHY WHEN
U GIVE 'EM

THE FINGER!!

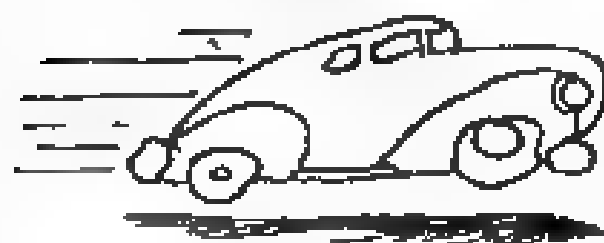




SEX GODDESSES &
FERTILITY SYMBOLS..
ASSES, TT'S, LEGS, HIPS, ETC.







YOU GOT
T'LEARN T'
READ BETWEEN
TH' LAMNS,
JAKE'



T.Z sez Gimme a Break!



I SO
UNSPIRITUAL



YOU DRAW
SO PRETTY
ROBERT!

OH GOD
HELP ME I'VE
NEVER BEEN
SO SICK





The Divided Self

Love and
Kisses, R. Crumb

Asshole! Schmuck!

JEER

MORON

FAGGOT

IDIOT

SUCK &

STUPID
POOR

LOTS A
LUCK!

YEA BOO'S
TOO BIG!!

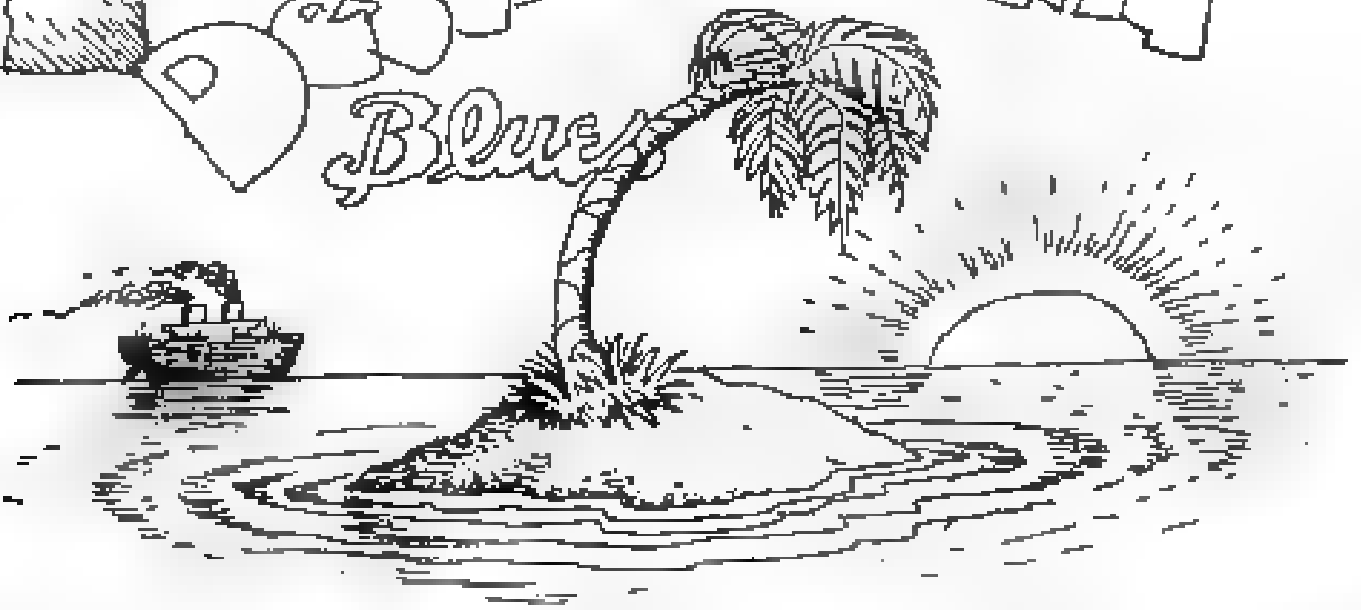
TUT
TUT!!

OH
GOD!





Desert Island Blue



WHEN SUDDENLY
I FOUND MYSELF
STANDING
BEFORE
GRANDMA
MARY !!

SAY TH' SECRET
WOULD AN
WIN A HUNDRED
DOLLARS

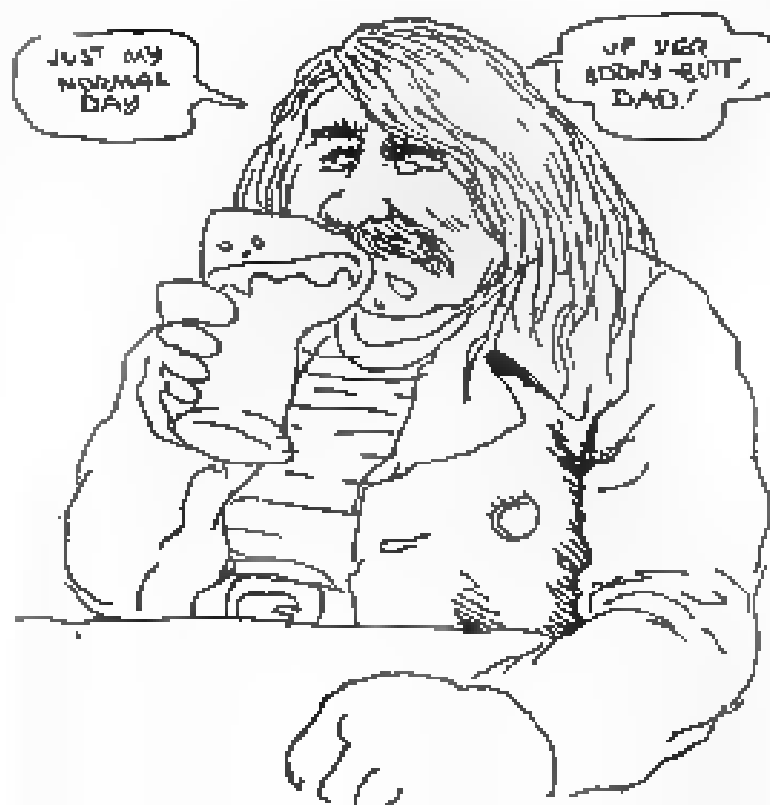
NOW IT'S
TIME T' PUN
YOU
FOR YOUR
LIFE!

THE SITUATION WAS GETTING
DESPERATE WHEN..











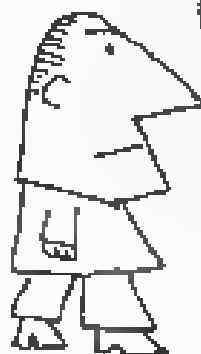


URBAN MAN



GAG CARTOON

NUETER
CHARACTER





AND THEN THERE ARE TIMES WHEN,

SOMETIMES GET THE UNSETTLING FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S DONE WRONGS SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE

ARE YOU AROUND FROM FUNCTION JUNCTION



BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS

WHERE THE FUNCTION JUNCTION SHOULD HAVE BEEN ARE YOU AROUND FROM FUNCTION JUNCTION WELL I'M FROM FUNCTION THREE.



MAYBE IT'S THE WORLD SITUATION - EVERYTHING'S SO FUZZED UP, TOO MANY PEOPLE, TOO MUCH SYSTEM, TOO MUCH CRAP. THAT'S PROBABLY IT.



THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING IN MY BRAIN / MY MIND IS MALFUNCTIONING



THEN AGAIN, IT COULD BE A PERSONALITY PROBLEM. MY PSYCHO-SOCIAL MAKE-UPS NOW THERE, AT LEAST, I HAVE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF CONTROL, SMALL THOUGH IT BE.



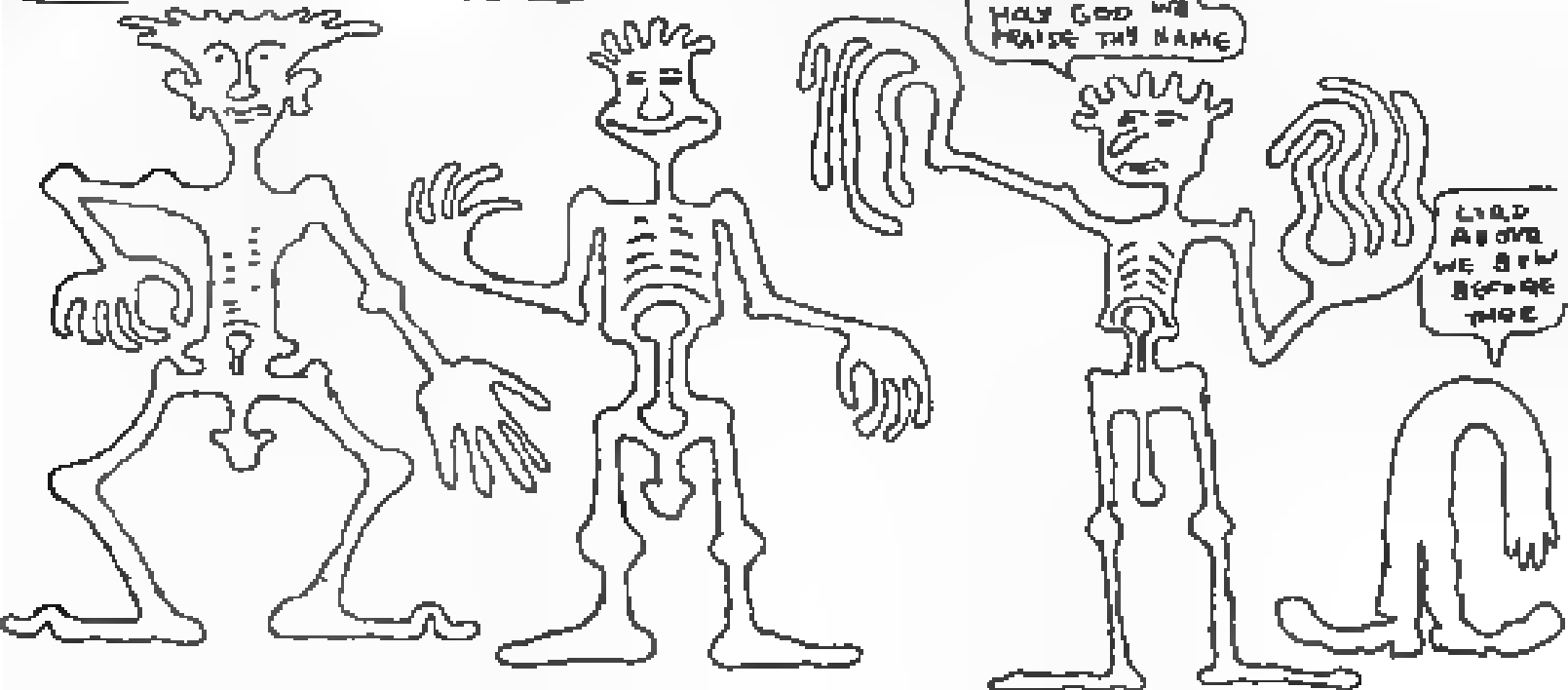
NUTS... I AM GOING NUTS!

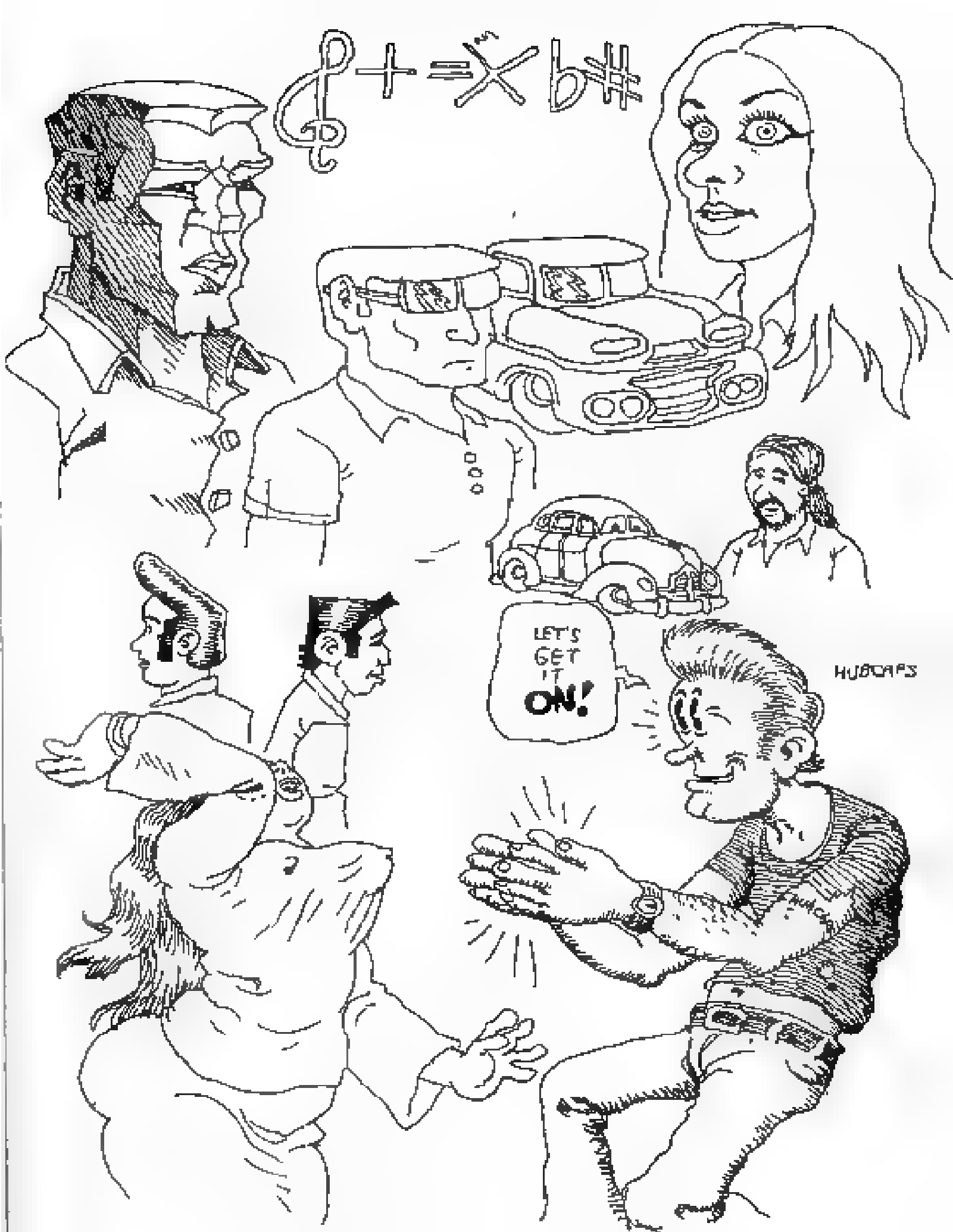
HE



HOLY GOD WE PRAISE THY NAME

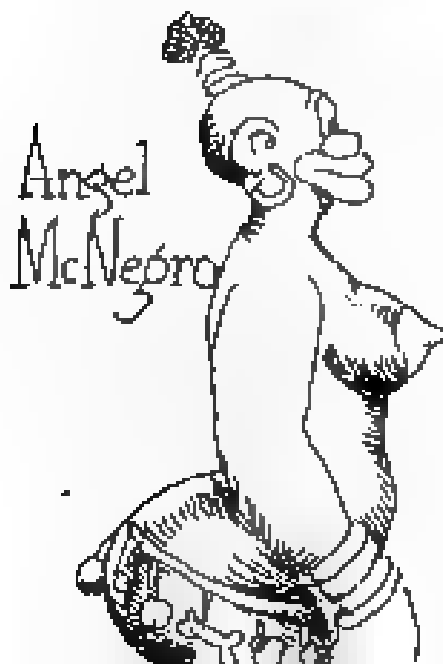
LORD ABOVE WE ARE BEFORE THEE







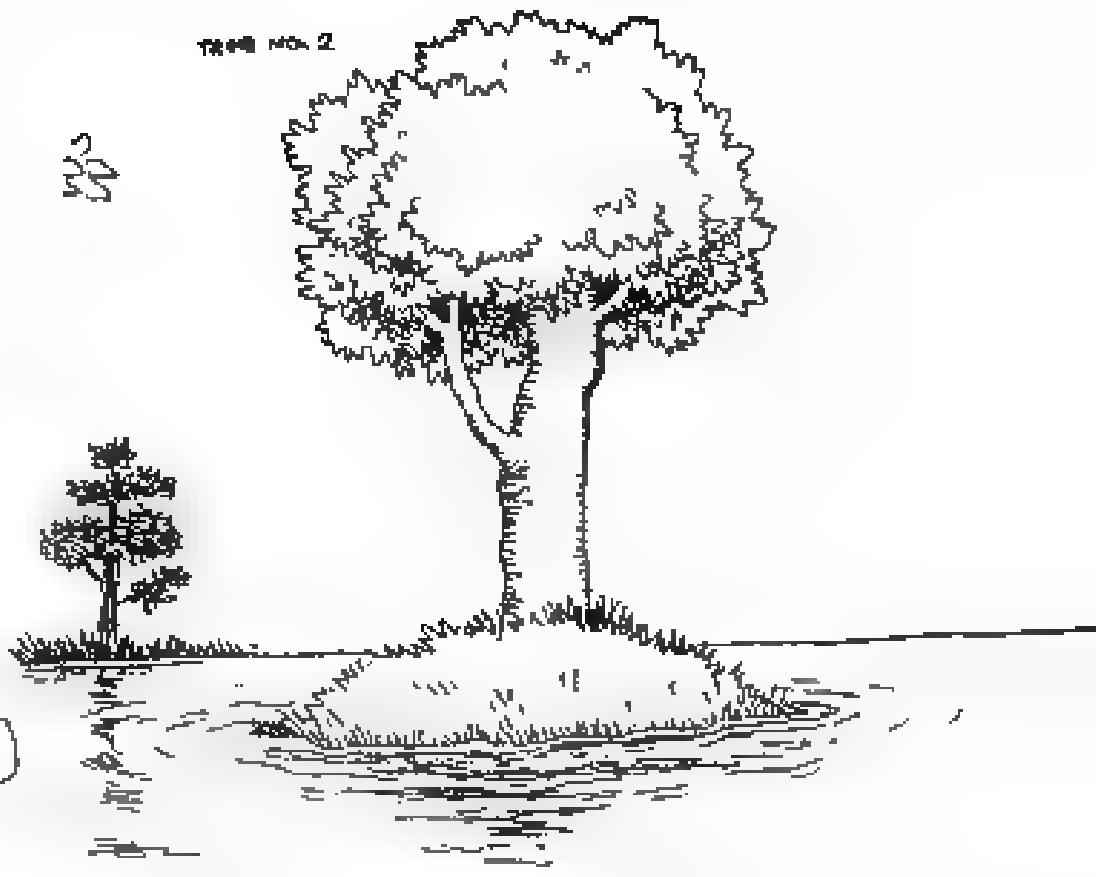




TREE NO. 1



TREE NO. 2



I ROLL LIKE
THE FIRST
JERROLD
AIR PLANE
ALBUM

I GOA
PLAY THAT
ALBUM
AUNT

I GET
RILLY
GIGGLY

Y DON
WANNA
BAG
BE
ME HI



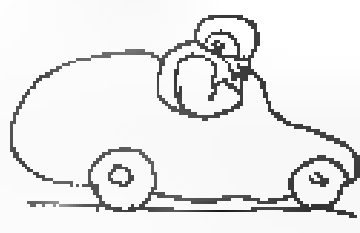


USED TO
LIVE IN THE
MOMENT

S R U M
S T O R C H
D E N A



GET TRAIL +
SAY TOGETHER
(BUB)

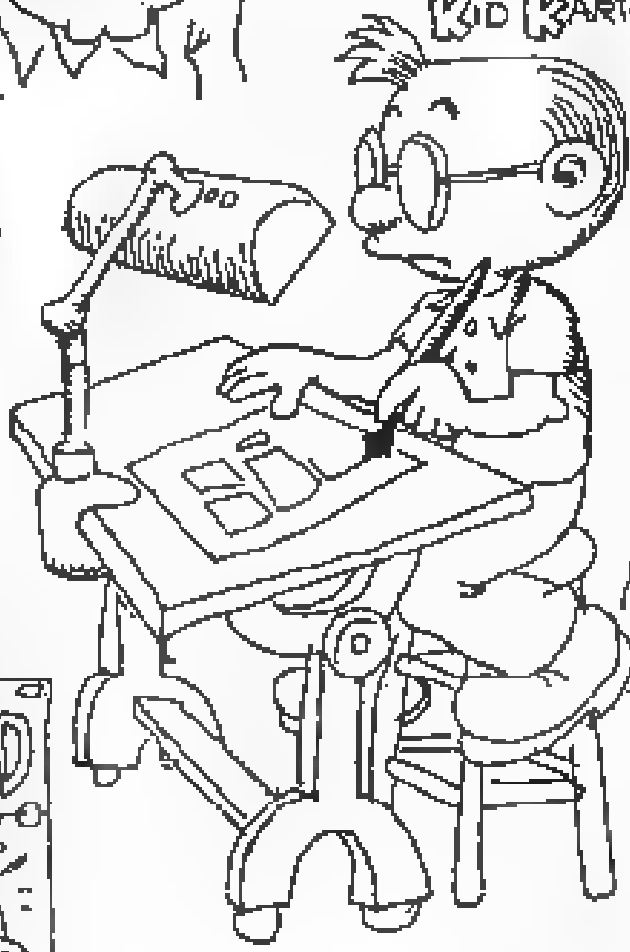




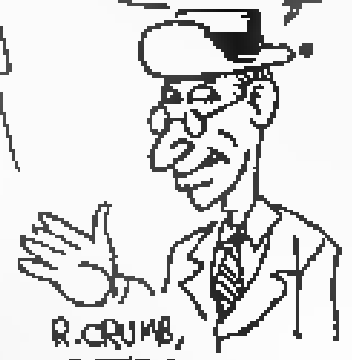
R. KRUMB,
KID KARTOONIST



R. CRUMB
ANGRY
YOUNG
MAN



WORK IS TH'
CURSE OF TH'
DRUNKING
CLASS YUK YUK



R. CRUMB,
BITTER
OLD
FOGGY



R. CRUMB
URBAN
SWHISTICATE







ANY ONE FOR
TENNIS?

WHEN COKE
KEEPS U FROM
GETTING COOLD
IN THIS SUN
IT'S GOOD
COKE!

YOU ASS!!
DONT BE
SUCH AN
ASS!!

EVA
BANGARDNER

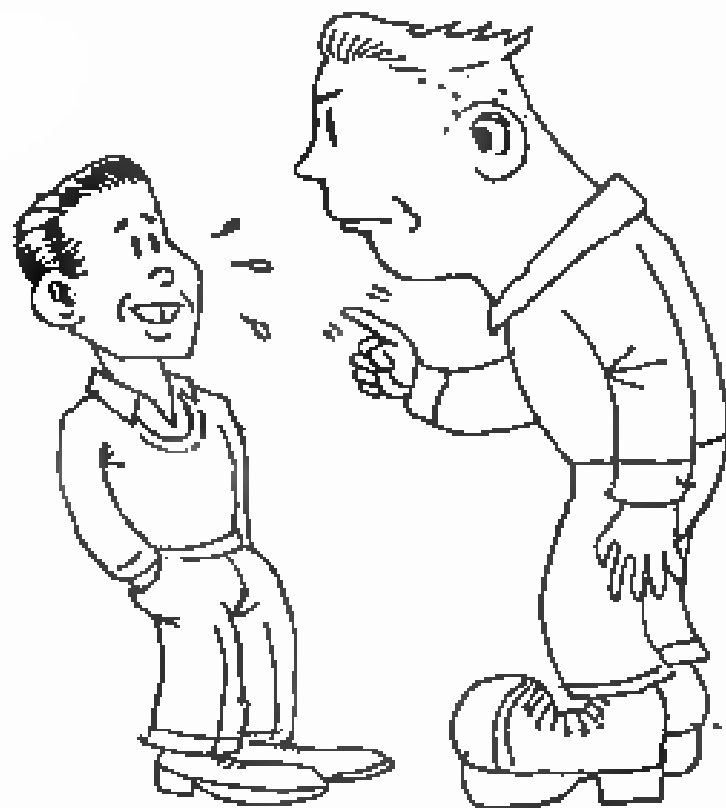
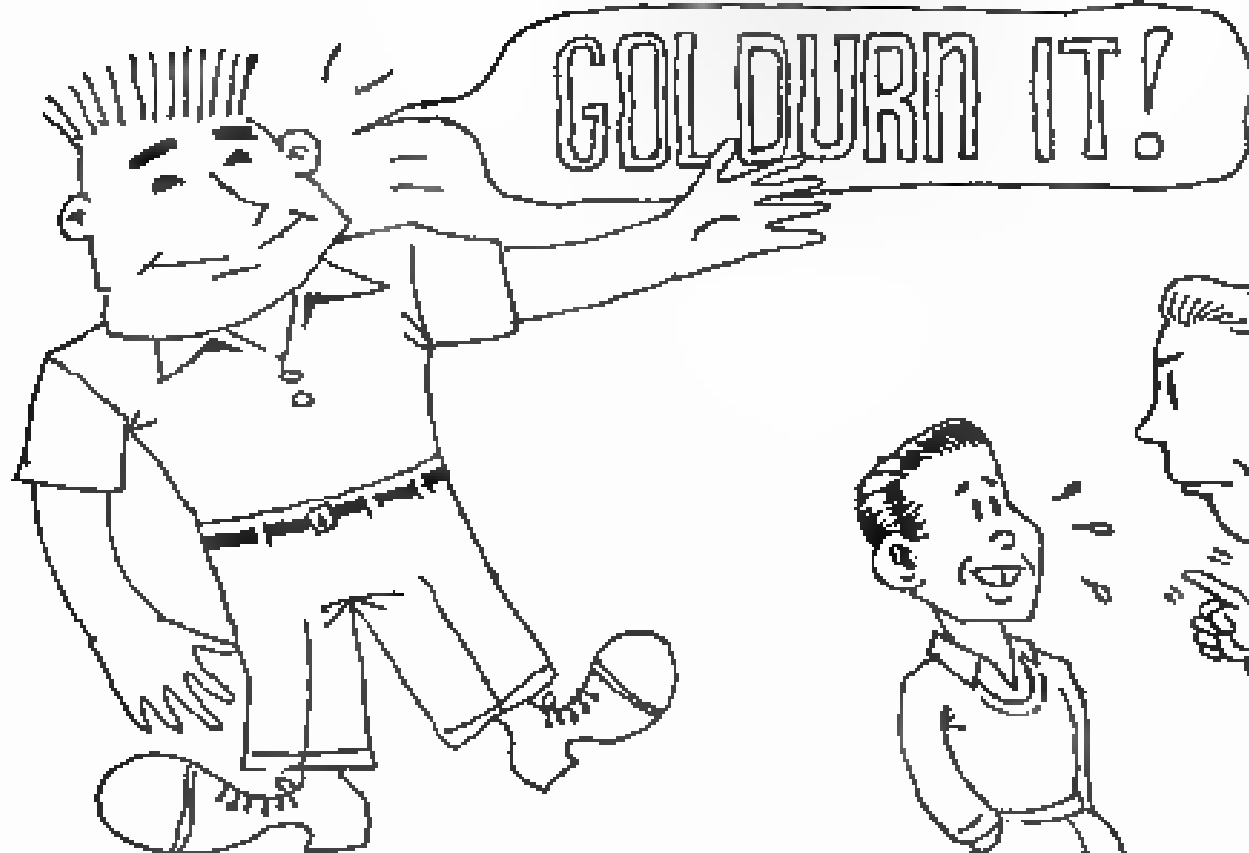
GIMME A
DOUBLE BURGER
A LARGE COKE
AN' A ORDER O'
FRIES.

GUESS
WHO??

**X-ACTO
BLADE**
& his pal







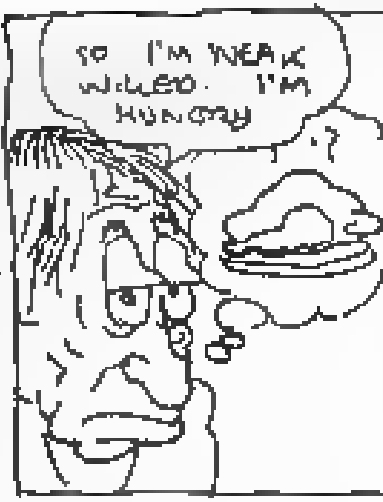
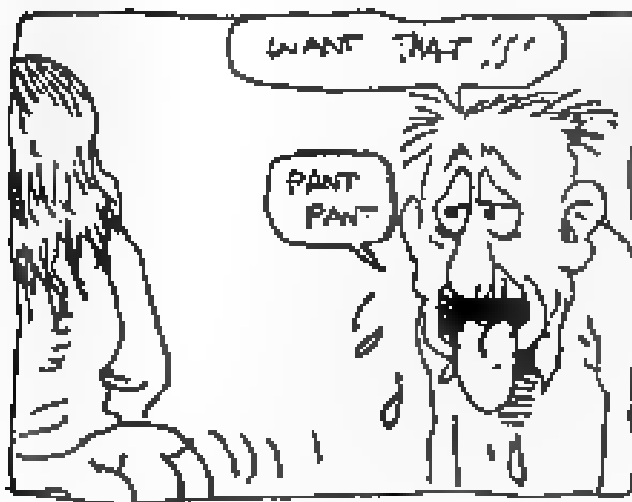
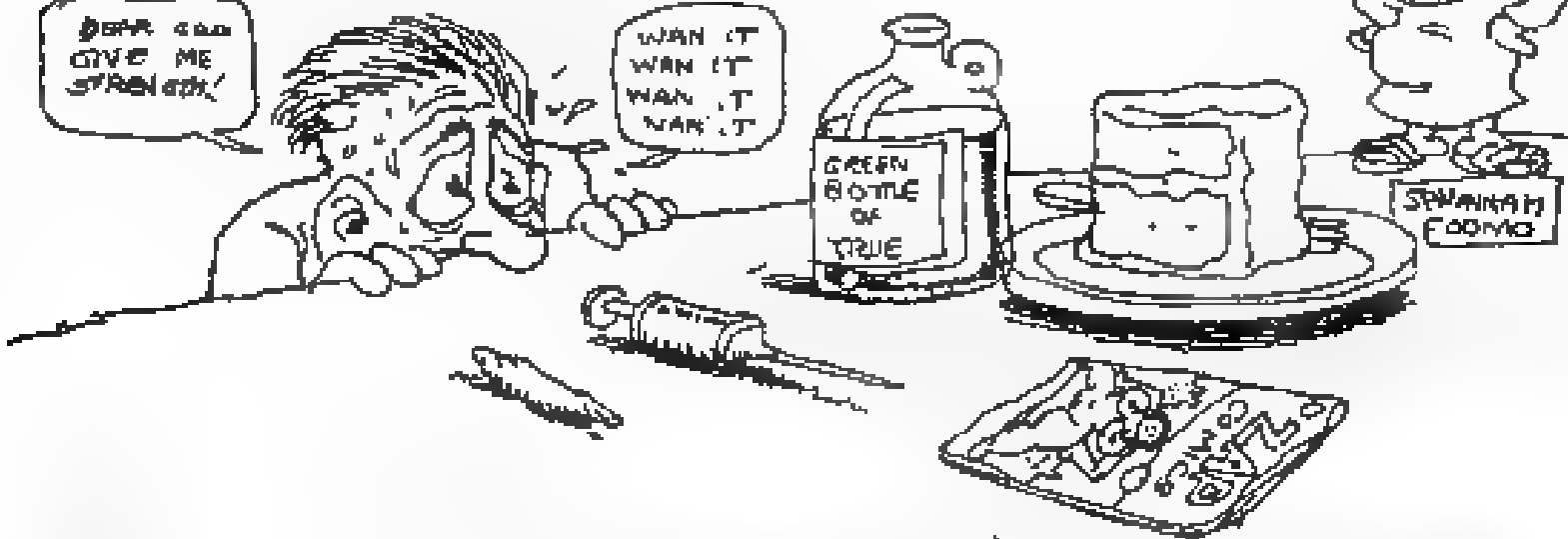
HE WANTS
IT ALL!

I WANT!

TSK TSK
TSK... HE'S
ONE FOR THE
BOOKS?

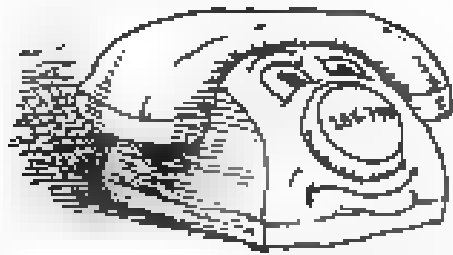
DEAR GOD
GIVE ME
STRENGTH!

WAN IT
WAN IT
WAN IT
WAN IT



AT&T

National
Business
Factors

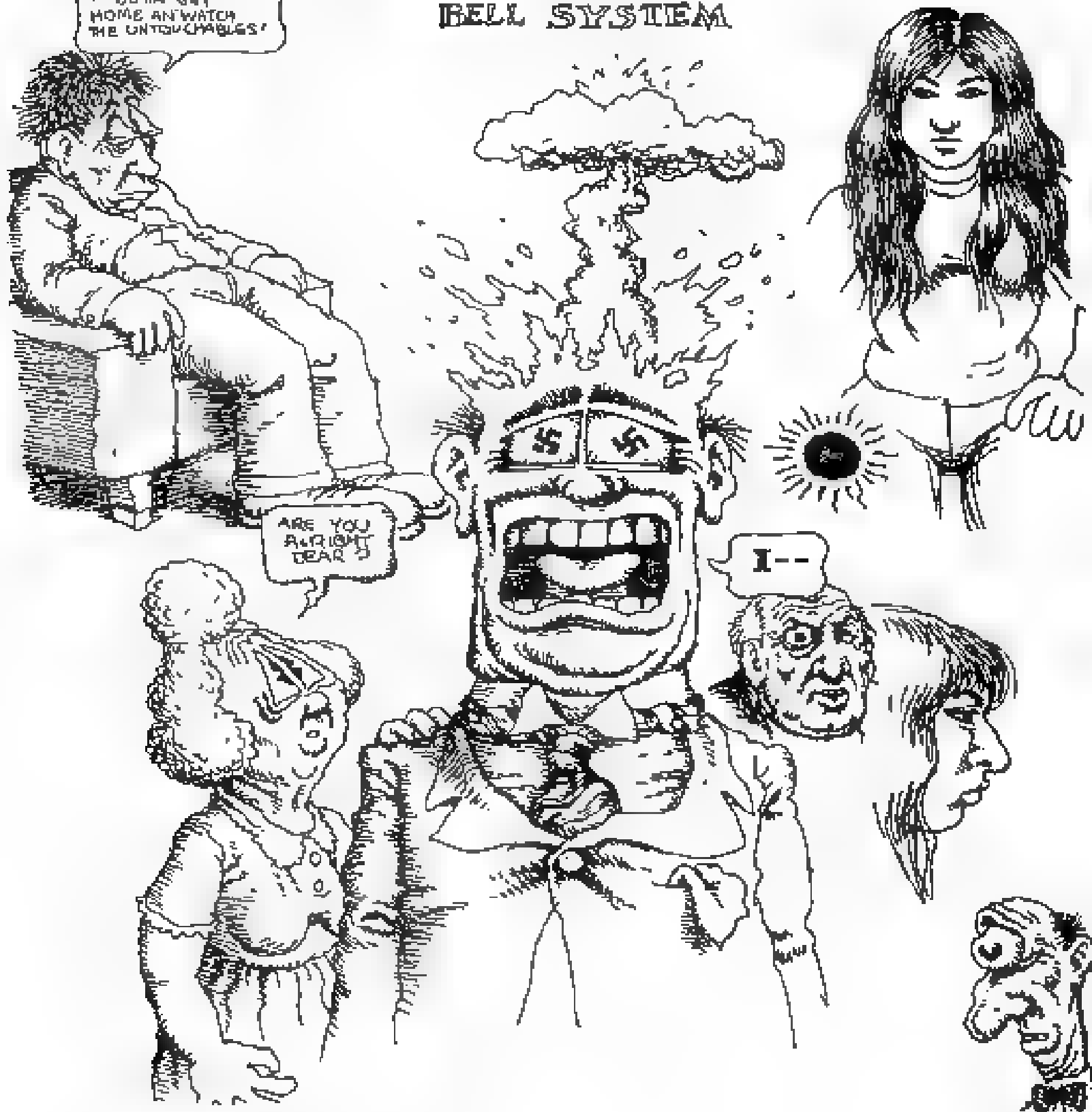


BELL SYSTEM

I GOTTA GET
HOME AN' WATCH
THE UNTOUCHABLES!

ARE YOU
ALRIGHT,
DEAR?

I--







R. Crumb
HIS OWN
NATURAL
LOVABLE
(HATED)
SELF



GASH!

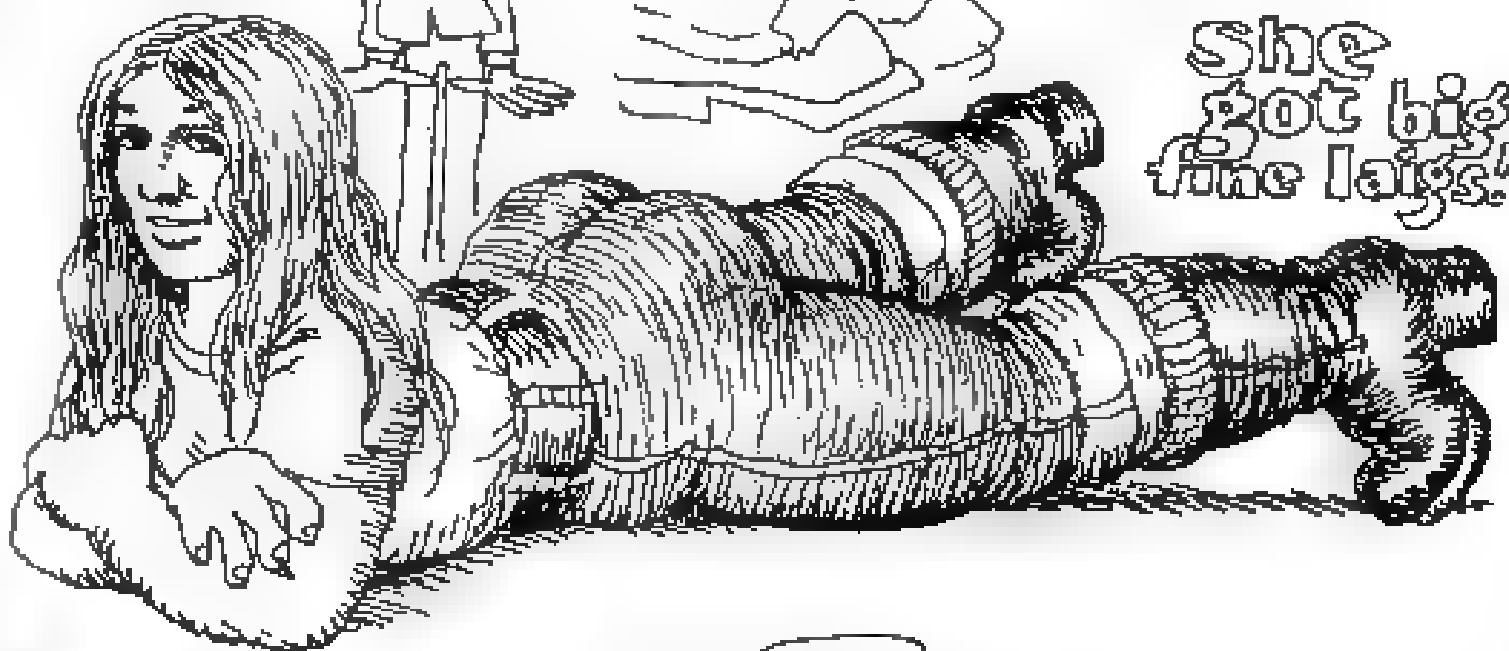


WHERE'S MY
MEDICINE?





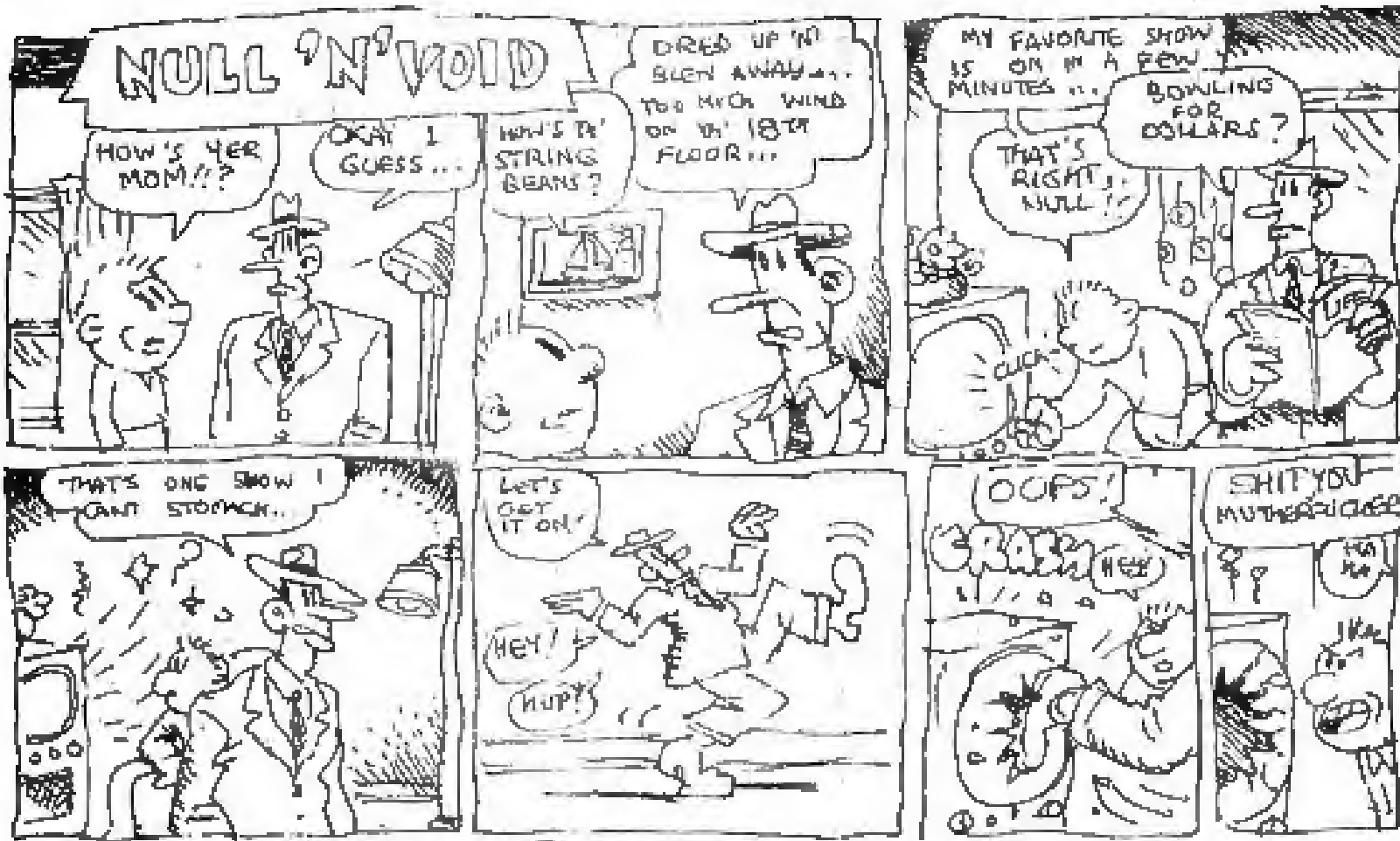
She
got big
fine legs!



DEATH to my ENEMIES



NULL 'N' VOID



NOW CONCENTRATE P.P.P





Big Legs



THE ARTIST
and his **MUSE...**

DON'T MOVE,
LADY!! THIS WON'T
TAKE LONG!!



SKRITCH
SKRATCH

MAKE ME
LOOK
SULTRY..

